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DADDY DINKS

BY LOUISE MERVYN
Pictured and Hand-lettered
By T. Cromwell Lawrence

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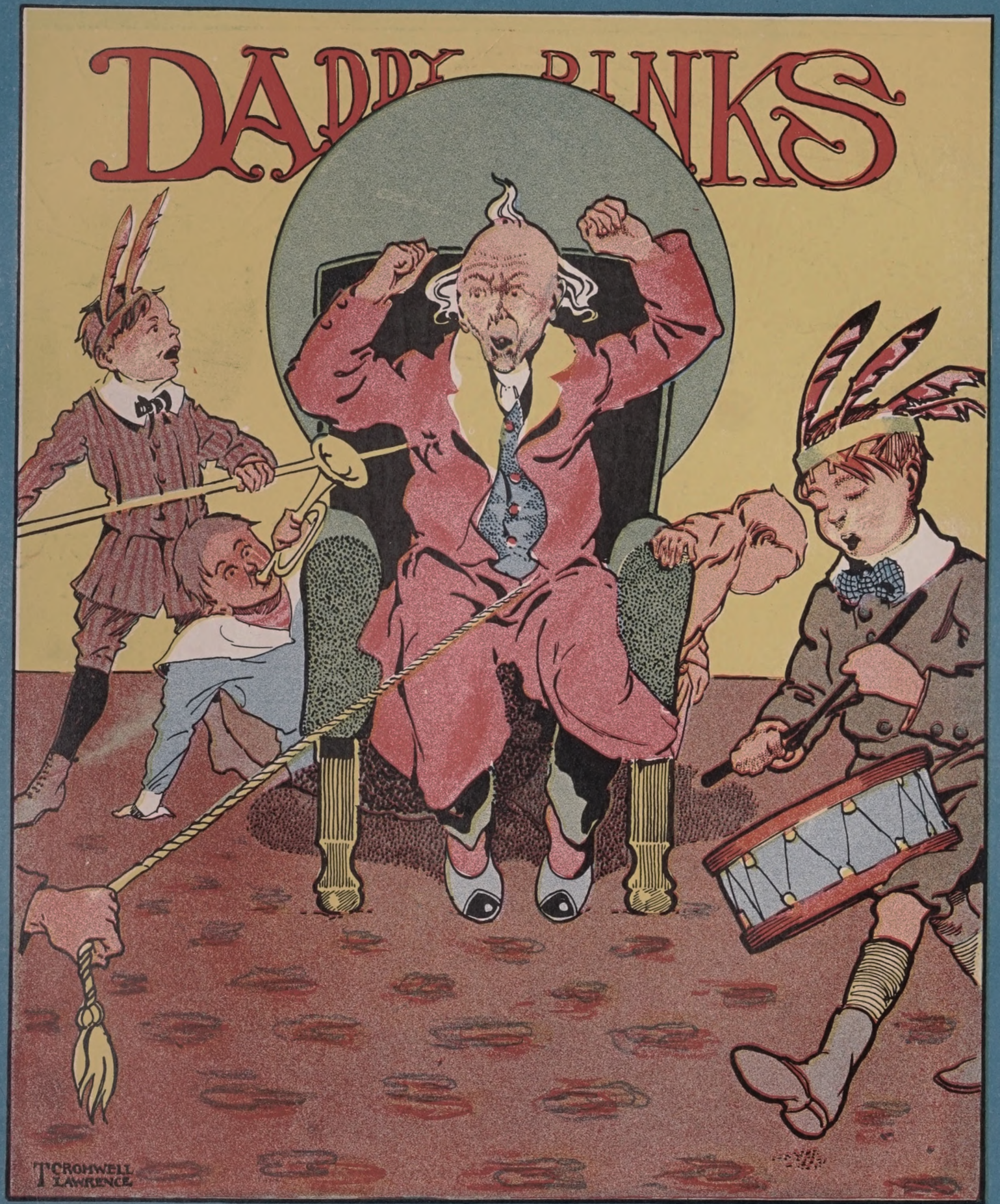
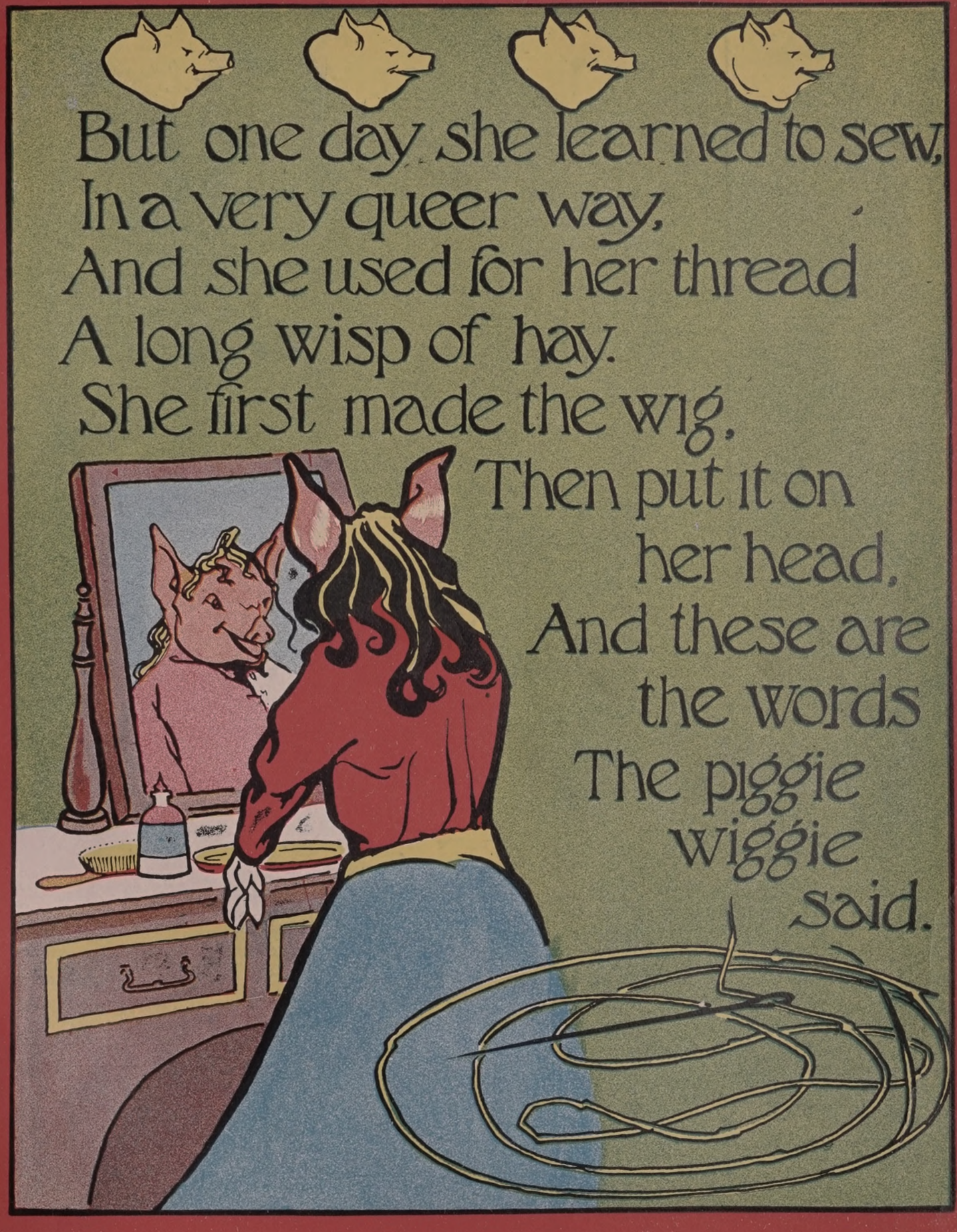
T. CROMWELL
LAWRENCE

Daddy Dinks his greeting sends,
To all his happy children friends,
The little ones to him most dear
He hopes will find enjoyment here.
The stories all they'll find are new
Pure and bright as morning dew.
And if the verses herein told
Shall please them better than the old,
He'll join their mirth, and say he thinks
He'd better take his forty winks.


DADDY PINKS
T. CROMWELL LAWRENCE

Poor old Daddy Dinks,
On a chair he sits and thinks
Of the tricks of those boys.
Who never cease their noise,
But continue with their jinks
And spoil his forty winks,
Which he tries so hard to get.
But they never let him yet
Have a single, single blink,
Or a chance to get a wink.
For his coat tails they do pull,
'Til of wrath old Daddy's full.
But if those boys he catches.
Their trousers will need patches.

"If I could only sew,"
Said a tiny little pig,
"I'd make for myself
A black curly wig,
And a white silk jacket
With buttons down the front,"
Said this funny little piggie
With a laugh and a grunt.


But one day she learned to sew,
In a very queer way,
And she used for her thread
A long wisp of hay.
She first made the wig,
Then put it on
her head,
And these are
the words
The piggie
wiggie
said.

"Now I'll make my jacket
With buttons down the front,
And I'll look like a lady,"
Said piggie with a grunt.
"Then all the little piggies
I'll invite to a ball,
And my wig and my jacket
Will be envied by them all."
T. CROMWELL LAWRENCE.

"Will you give a doll to me?"
Said a tiny wee of three.
That blue one on the rack,
And some day I'll give it back

For I haven't got a doll,
And I dont like one too small,
But a big one, just like me,"
Said this tiny wee of three.

"No I can't give you a doll"
Said the man behind the stall,
"For you'd break it right in two
If I gave a doll to you."

"Here comes a billy-goat,
Mad as a hare"
Said a boy to another.
"Ah we dont care."

"No we dont care,"
Said the other boy bold,
"If he comes near us,
He'll get badly sold."

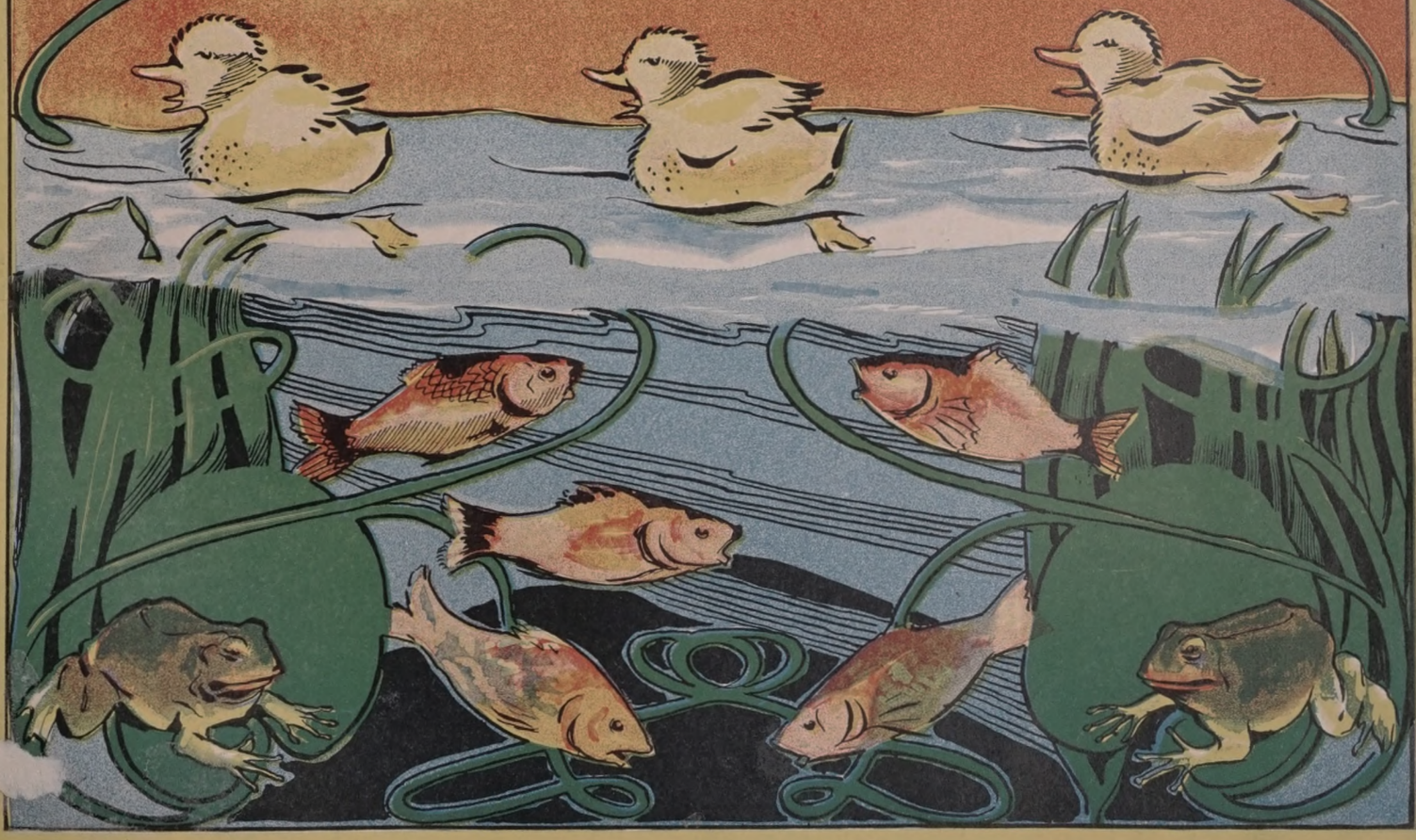
But the one boy bold
Had scarce said the word
Before an awful yell,
Right there, from him
was heard.
For up in the air
Went the one boy, bold,
"Now," said the billy-goat
"Tis you who's sold."

Cluck, cluck, cluck!
Said a hen one day
To three little ducklings
That were swimming away.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!"
Oh, do come out,
For your mother knows what
She is talking about.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!"
Come if you please
And do no longer
Your poor mother tease."

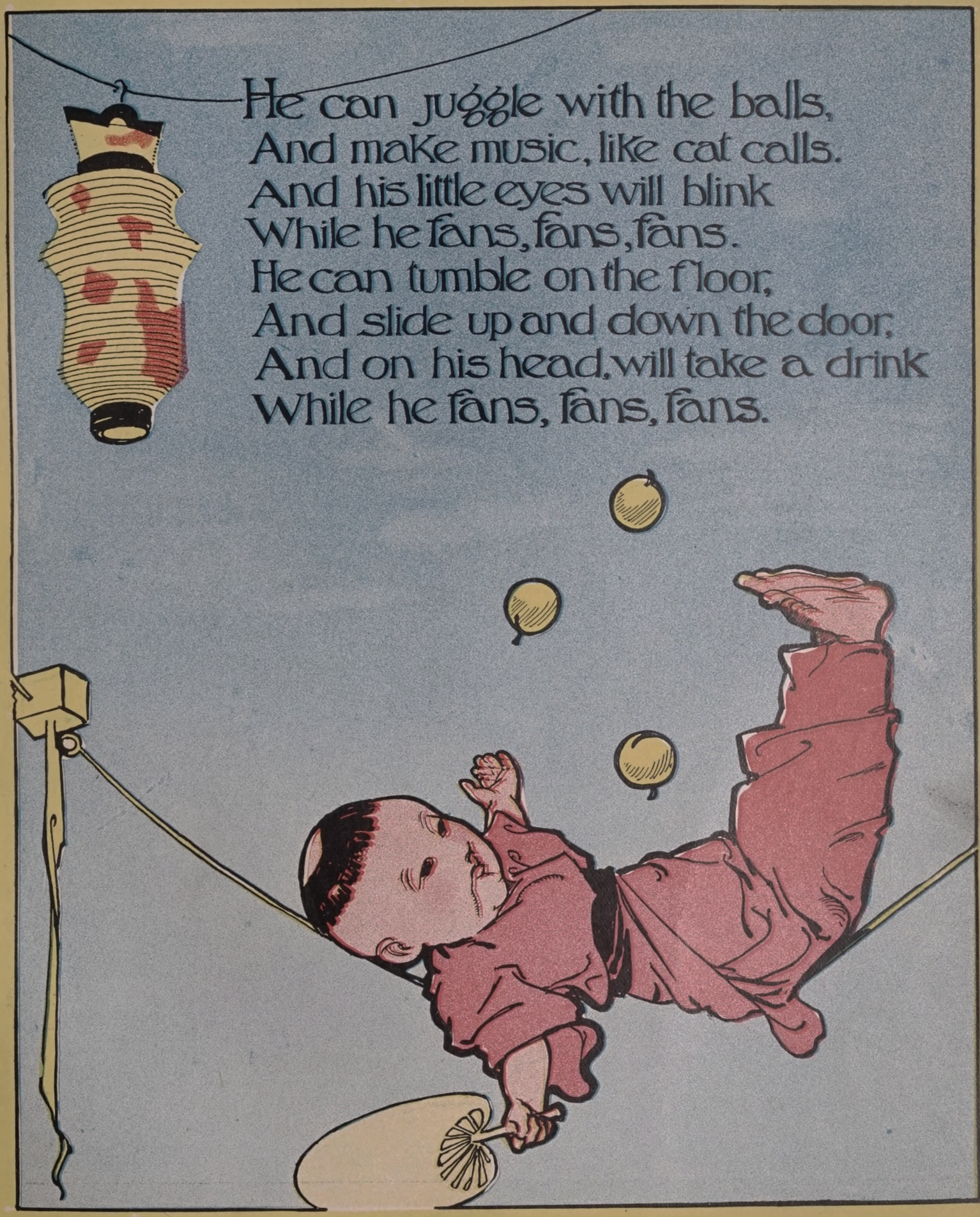
But the three little ducklings,
Went swimming right away—
For out of the water
They would not stay.



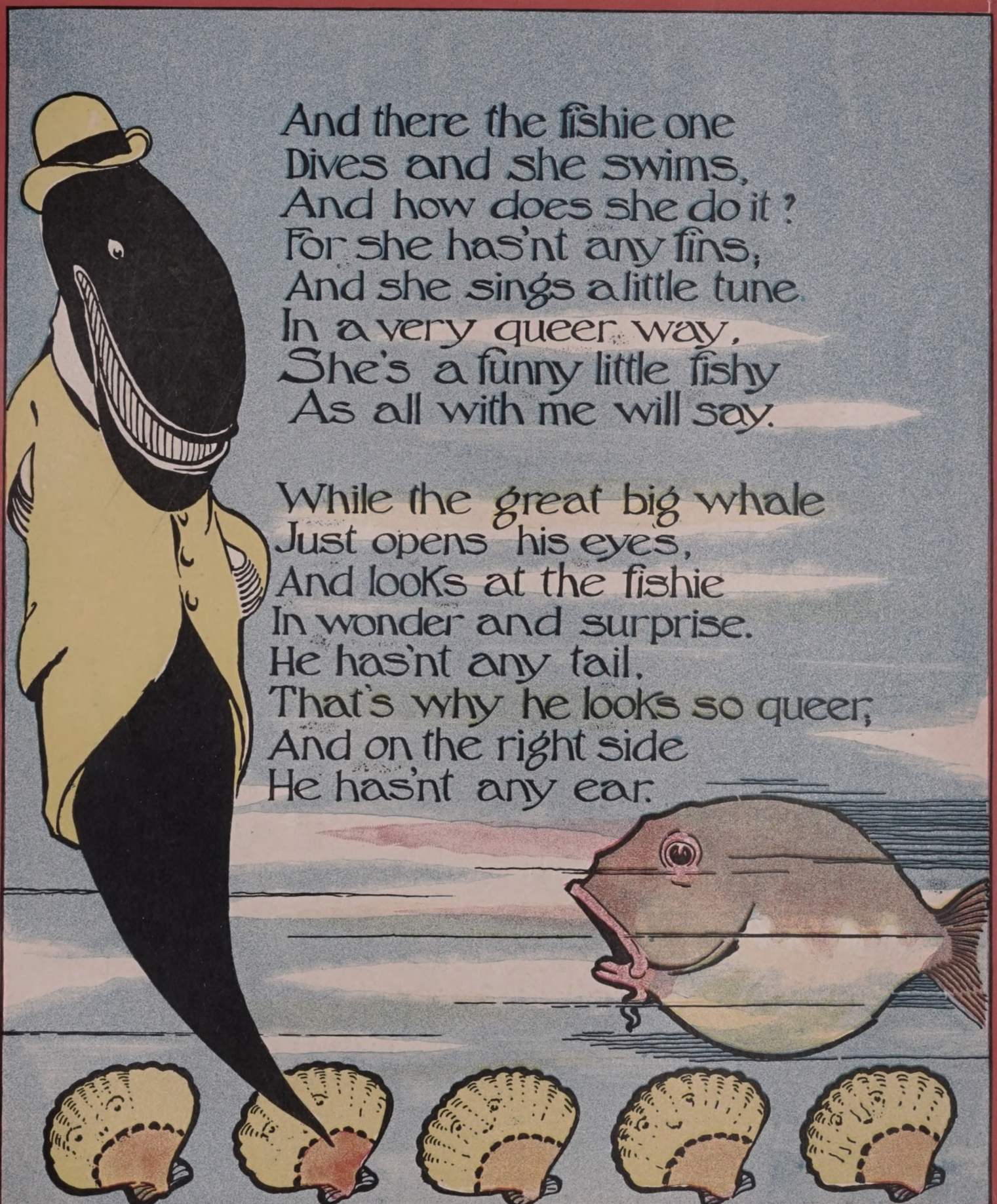
"Now, then, I've caught you"
Said a farmer one day,
To a sly old fox
Who was running
away
With the very last
chick
He had in his barn,
Long
before
I'd
written
this
yarn.

"Now then, I've caught you,
You sly old fox,
Take that! take that"
As his ears he did box,
Till the chicken he dropped
In trembling and fear.
"Oh," said the fox, "Oh, my ear!"

Now see this little Jap
He's an odd queer chap
He can balance on a pole
While he fans, fans, fans
And at every kind of trick
He is nimble and so quick
That he actually will roll
While he
fans,
fans,
fans.


He can juggle with the balls,
And make music, like cat calls.
And his little eyes will blink
While he fans, fans, fans.
He can tumble on the floor,
And slide up and down the door;
And on his head, will take a drink
While he fans, fans, fans.

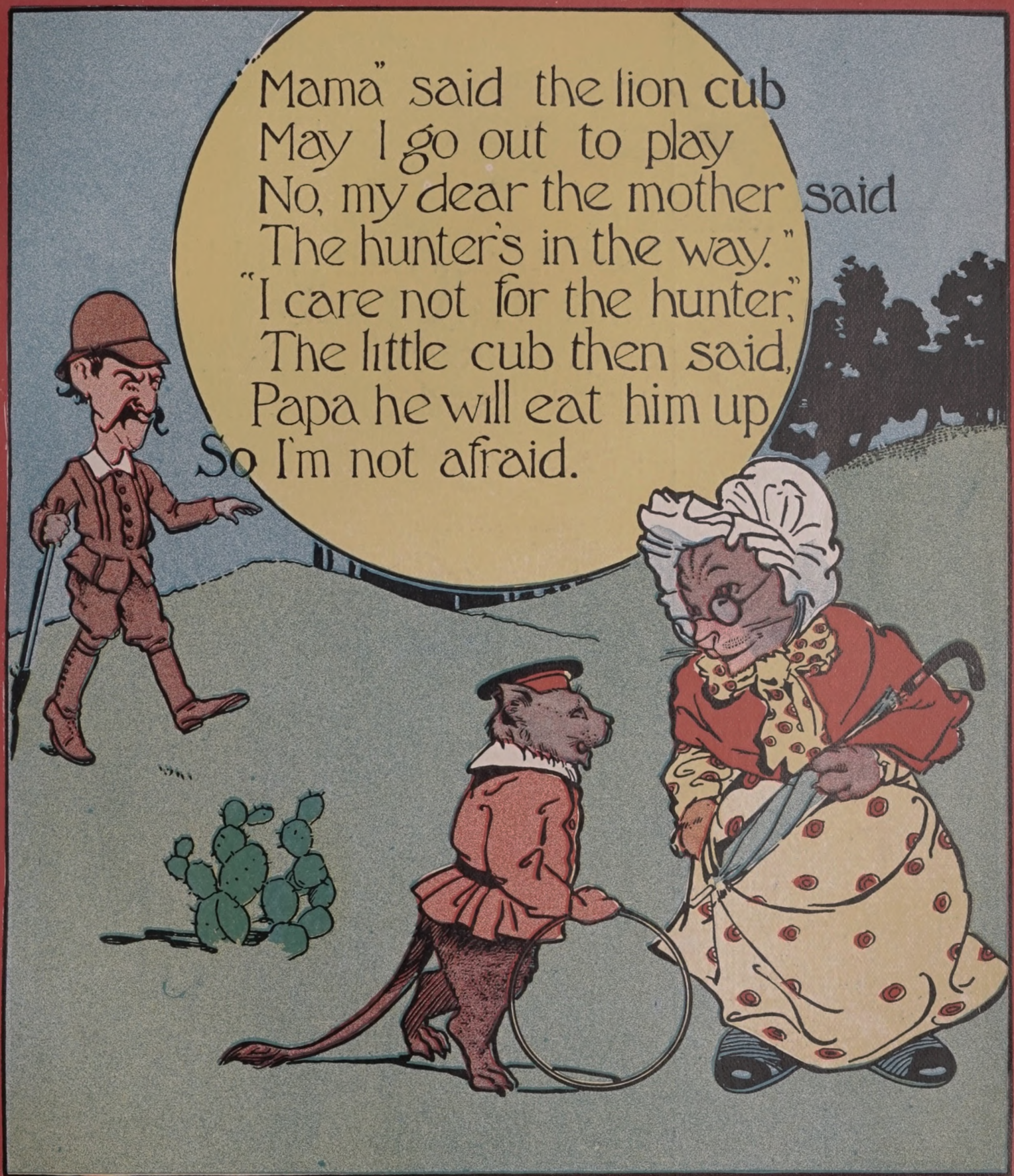
Listen! and I'll tell you
A very queer tale.
About a little fish,
And a great big whale,
Who live down deep,
In the bottom of the sea,
There alone by themselves
As you can plainly see.



And there the fishie one
Dives and she swims,
And how does she do it?
For she has'nt any fins,
And she sings a little tune
In a very queer way,
She's a funny little fishy
As all with me will say.

While the great big whale
Just opens his eyes,
And looks at the fishie
In wonder and surprise.
He has'nt any tail,
That's why he looks so queer;
And on the right side
He has'nt any ear.

Here's a little house
Built upon the road,
And in it there lives
A great big toad.
He was foolish to go in
For now he can't get out.
He's broader than the door
He's grown so stout.


Mama" said the lion cub
May I go out to play
No, my dear the mother said
The hunter's in the way."
"I care not for the hunter,"
The little cub then said,
Papa he will eat him up
So I'm not afraid.

"Me-ow, me-ow" said an old tom cat,
Who sat on a fence looking so fat.
Me-ow, me-ow, what shall I do ?
I've swallowed a mouse without a chew."

"Me-ow, me-ow, I feel so queer;
The mouse is biting, biting here."
As to his side Tom pressed his paw,
To show where the mouse had begun
to gnaw

"Me-ow, me-ow, Iv'e such a pain,
That goes up my side and down again.
Me-ow, me-ow, I havent a doubt,
But the mouse will eat his way right out."

"Serve you right you greedy Tom,
Said Blinky Jones, who came along,
'To swallow a mouse without a chew,
I never thought such a thing of you."

Heres a tall woman
Nine feet high,
She almost bends in two
When she goes to make a pie.

Her arms are very short,
And her legs are very long,
She's married to a baker
Whose name is Mr Strong.

"If you please, Mr Strong,"
She said to him one day,
"Will you take this barrel of flour
And carry it away?"

"Why certainly, my dear,
I'll carry away two,
And store them in the cellar
Just to please you."

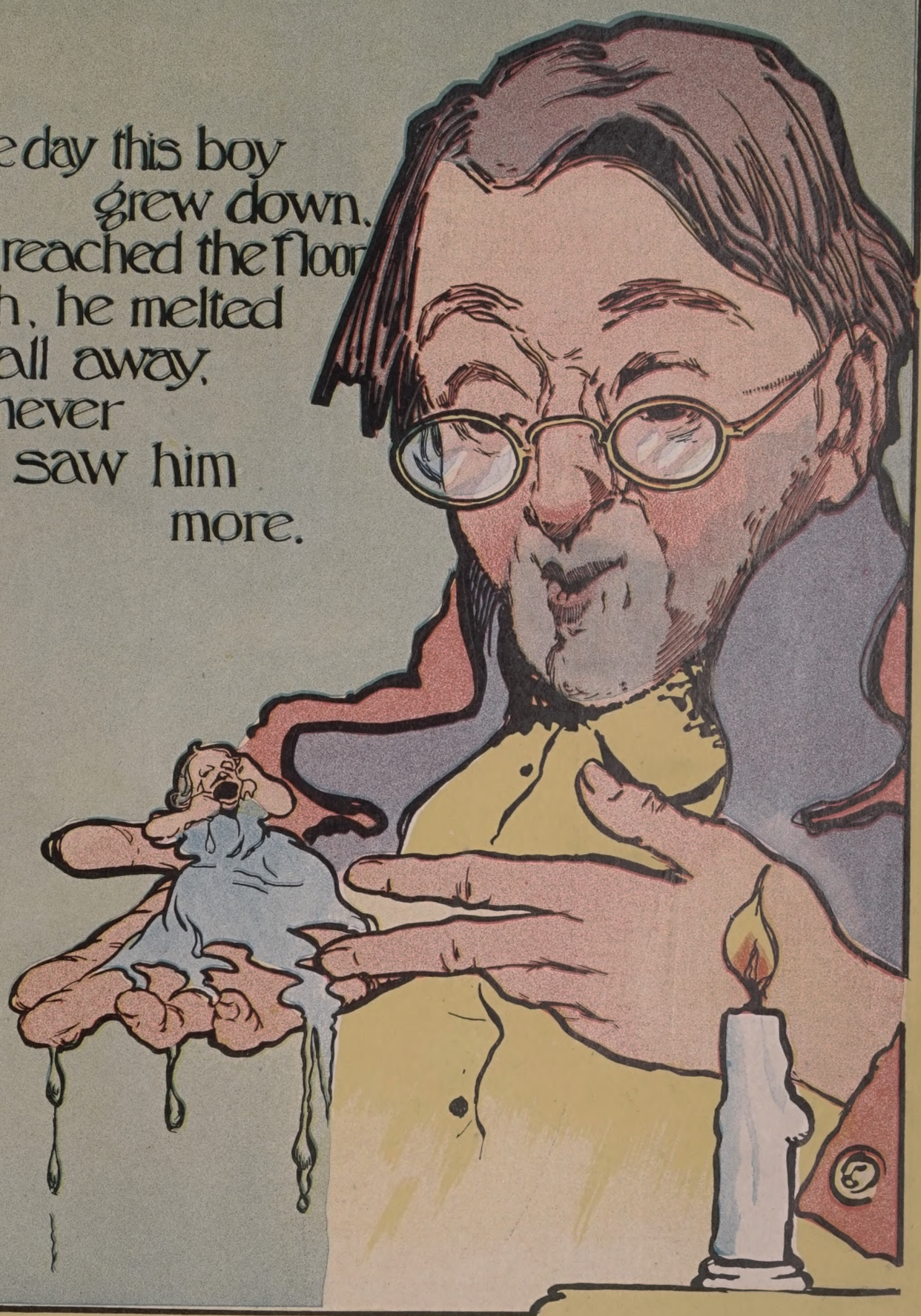
T. Cromwell
Lawrence.

The big tent is up -
The circus is here ;
And all the chariots
In parade will appear.
And the dear little ponies,
With the clown by their
side,
While the lions and tigers,
In the wagons will ride.
The elephants and camels,
And the little donkey, too,

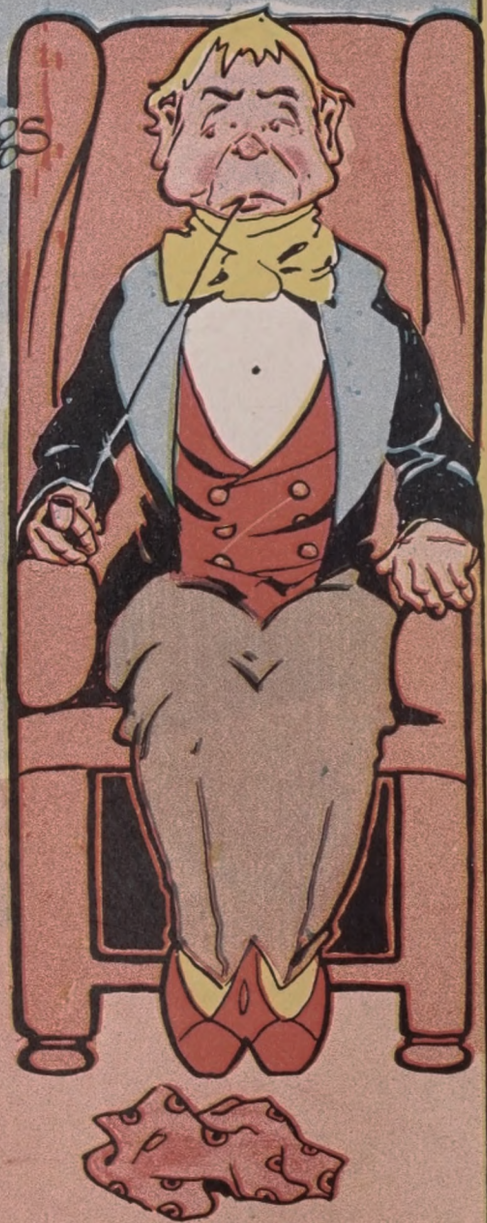
Will walk just behind
The old woman in the shoe.
So hurry along, children,
Don't you hear the band play?
What a whole lot of fun
You will have this day.

There was a little boy
I knew,
Who grew, and grew,
and grew,
Until he was so very
tall,
His face could not be
seen at all.

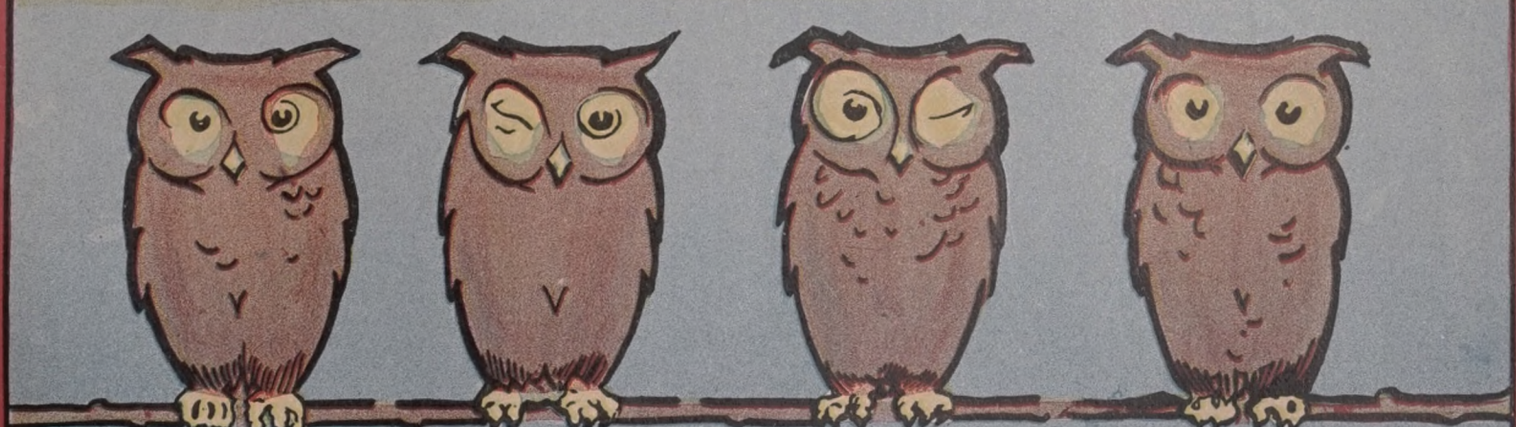
But one day this boy
grew down,
Until he reached the floor
Then, Oh, he melted
all away,
And I never
saw him
more.



A cheeky little bird came hopping one day,
Paused at my door, and was heard to say:
"This is a house I shall always dislike,
For here lives an old woman, and her
husband Mike,
Each one as stingy as stingy can be,
For never a crumb
To a poor bird like me,
Who sang sweetest songs
For Mickie and Kate,
Under yon window
Early and late."



"But here I declare, at this old woman's door,
That never a song shall I sing to her more,
But rather a screech, when she *goes* for a walk,
Likewise shall my friend, the old black hawk.
So foolish old woman, you've done yourself wrong,
For you'll live here all summer with never a song.
I'll warn every bird that comes within reach,
That naught shall be yours but a laugh and a screech."

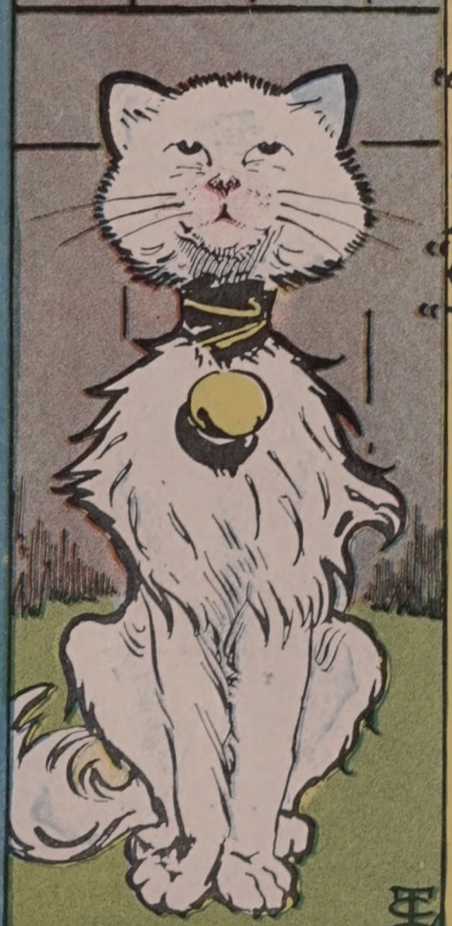


"Who is that man up there so high,
He looks
So round
and fat ?
And never on his head, papa,
Does he
wear any
hat. "

"That is the man in the moon, my boy,
Who looks
so round
and fat,
He has no hair
Upon his head,
That's why
he wears
No hat."

Said Tabby to the sparrow,
"How early you are out."
"O, no" the sparrow answered,
"It's my time to hop about."

"Come down here," said the tabby,
"There's something good to eat"
"O no" the sparrow answered,
"I'm safer on this seat"



"I pray you come," said tabby,
"A story nice I'll tell"
"O no," the sparrow answered,
"Your plan I know too well"

So Tabby did not get the meal
Her heart had set upon,
The little sparrow was too smart,
No cat could fool him on.

Said the elephant
To the donkey,
As they strolled along the beach...
"Your ears are rather lengthy,
To the sky they almost reach"

"Let's play house," said a mouse,
Come let's play house,
"I'm tired playing in the wall,
That I do not like at all."

"I can't," said the Kitten,
"I'm Knitting a mitten
Come some other day
Then with you I'll play"

"No, no," said the mouse,
"Let's to day play house,"
"I'm sorry" said the Kitten,
"I must finish my mitten".

A Goosey and a Gander
Went walking one fine day;

And the gander was heard
To the goose to say--

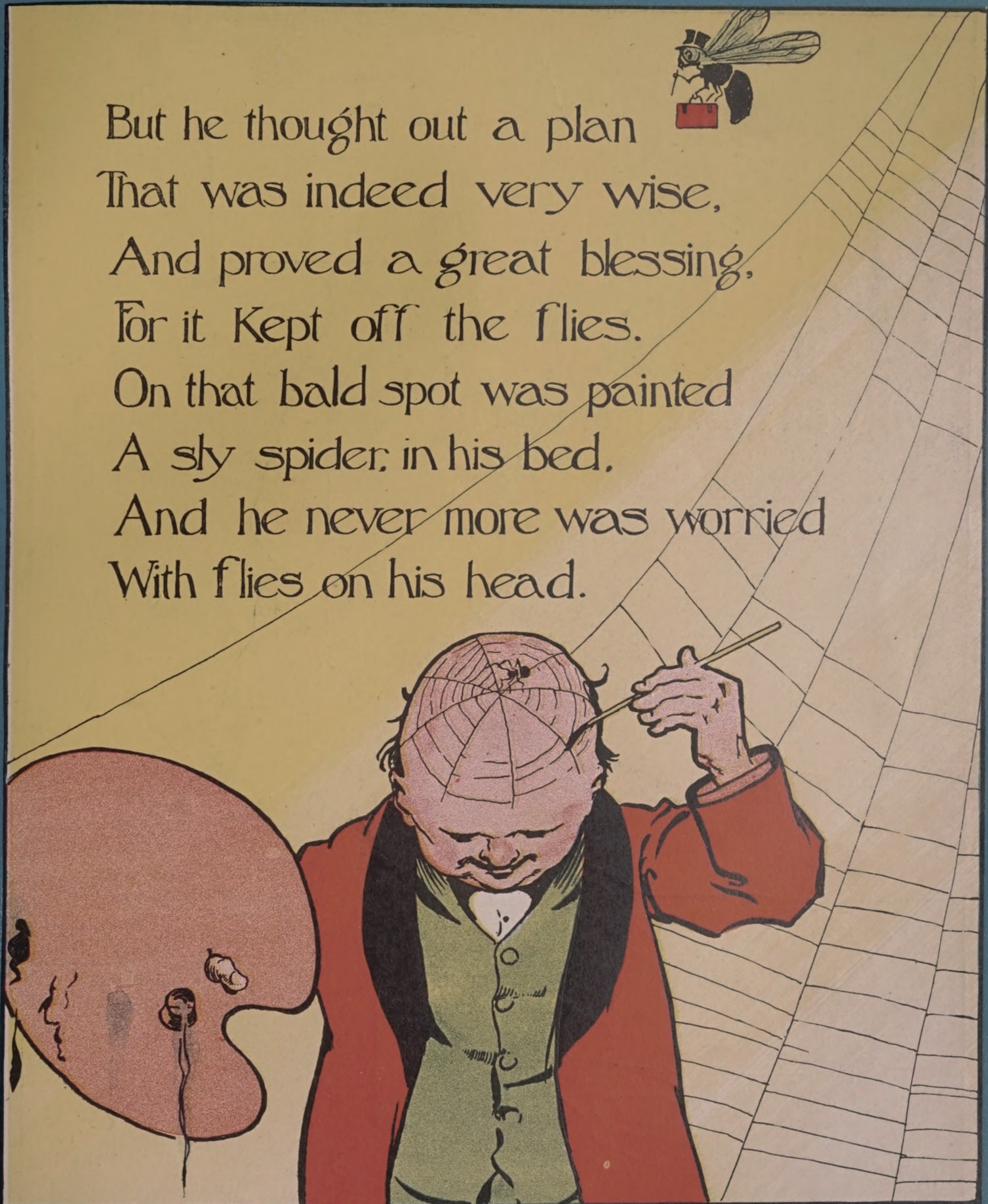
"By your first name,
Pray may I address you?"
"Oh no," said the goose,
"That never would do"

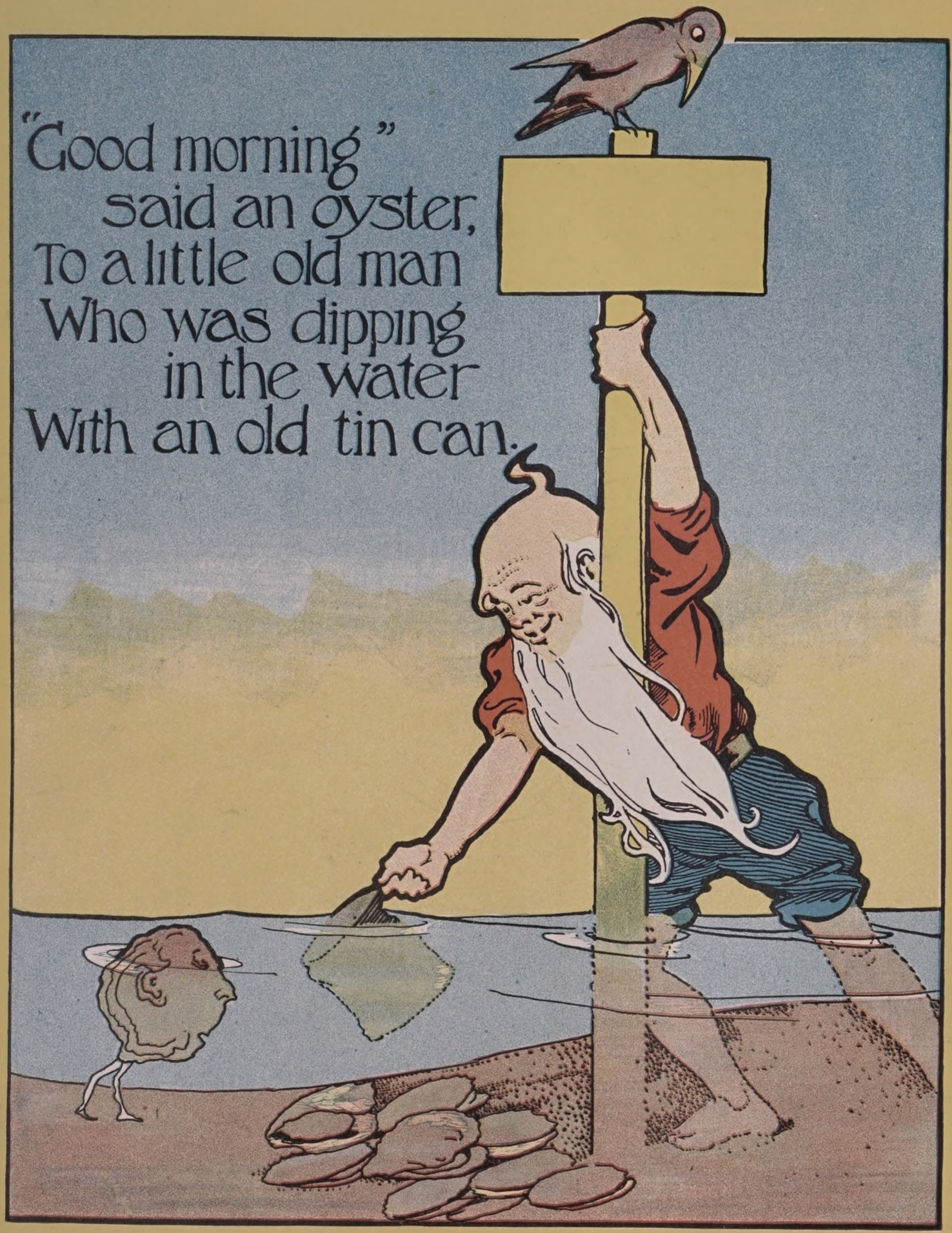
"You are not a nice gander;
Nor very well-bred;
To ask such a thing,
'Till we're engaged to be wed."

This bald-headed man,
When he took off his hat
Found life a great burden.
You ask why was that,
'Twas because of the flies,
Who would
light on that spot,
And annoy this
poor fellow
Making life a sad
lot.

T. Cromwell Lawrence

But he thought out a plan
That was indeed very wise,
And proved a great blessing,
For it Kept off the flies.
On that bald spot was painted
A sly spider in his bed,
And he never more was worried
With flies on his head.

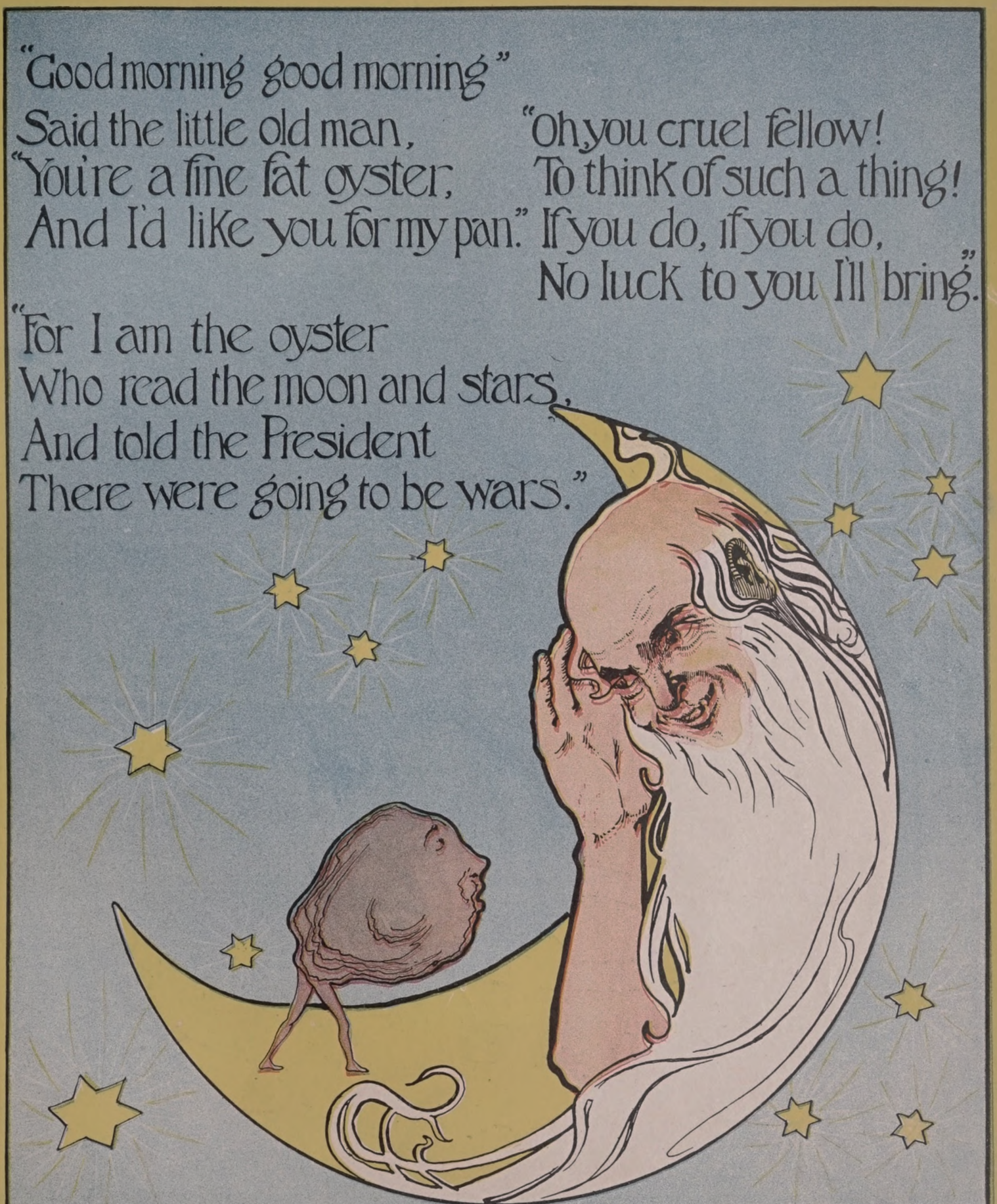



"Good morning"
said an oyster,
To a little old man
Who was dipping
in the water
With an old tin can.

"Good morning good morning"
Said the little old man,
"You're a fine fat oyster;
And I'd like you for my pan."

"Oh, you cruel fellow!
To think of such a thing!
If you do, if you do,
No luck to you I'll bring."

"For I am the oyster
Who read the moon and stars,
And told the President
There were going to be wars."



"So you see, so you see,
It never would do
To fry me on your pan
Or put me in your stew."

"Ho! ho!" said the man
Then you are the one
You'll go in my pan
Until you are done

So he took him along
That very very day
And fried him on his pan
I heard a lobster say

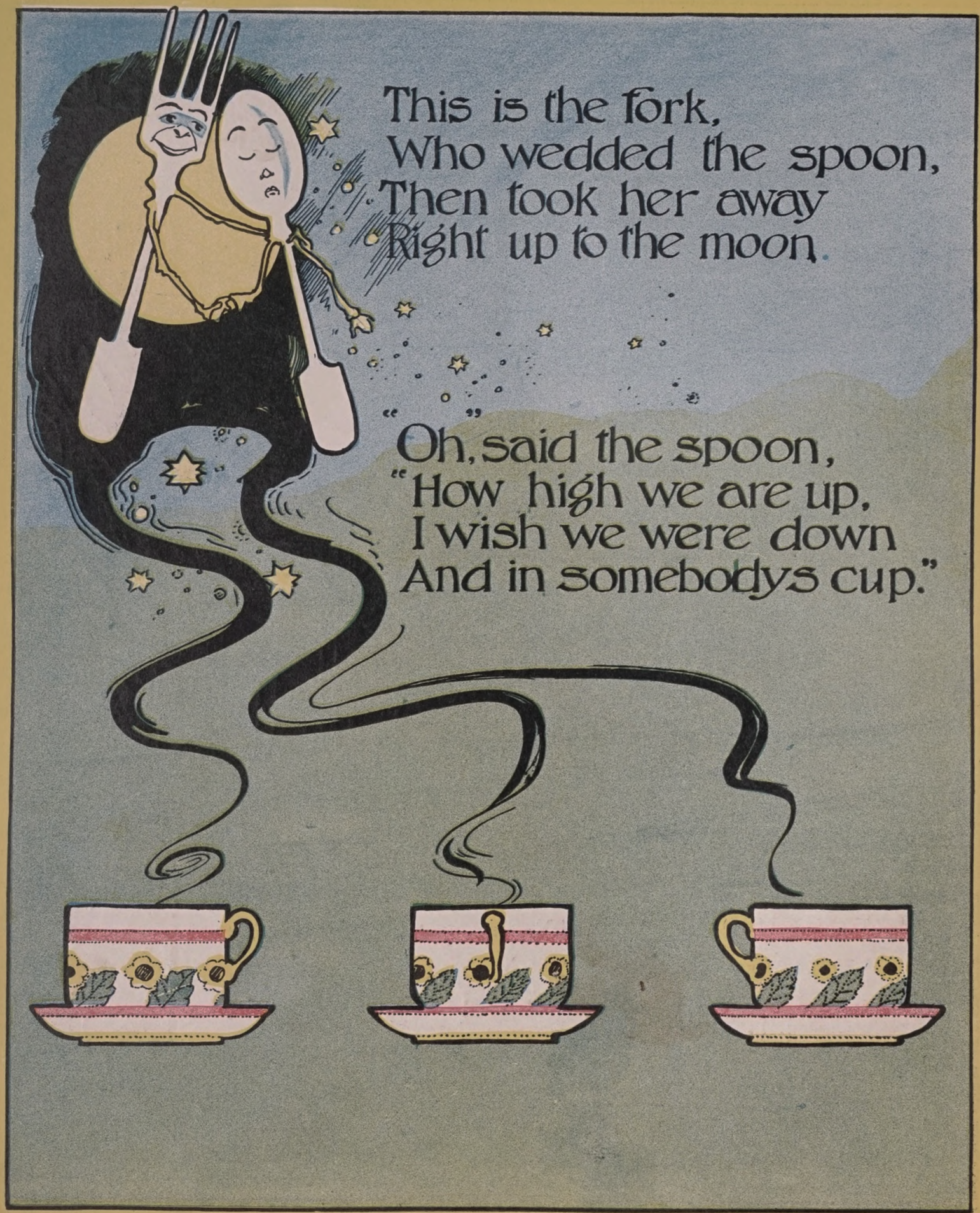
"Will you come walking with me to-day?
Over the hills and far away,
And when we get there, my pretty blue fly,
We'll never come back," said the spider so sly

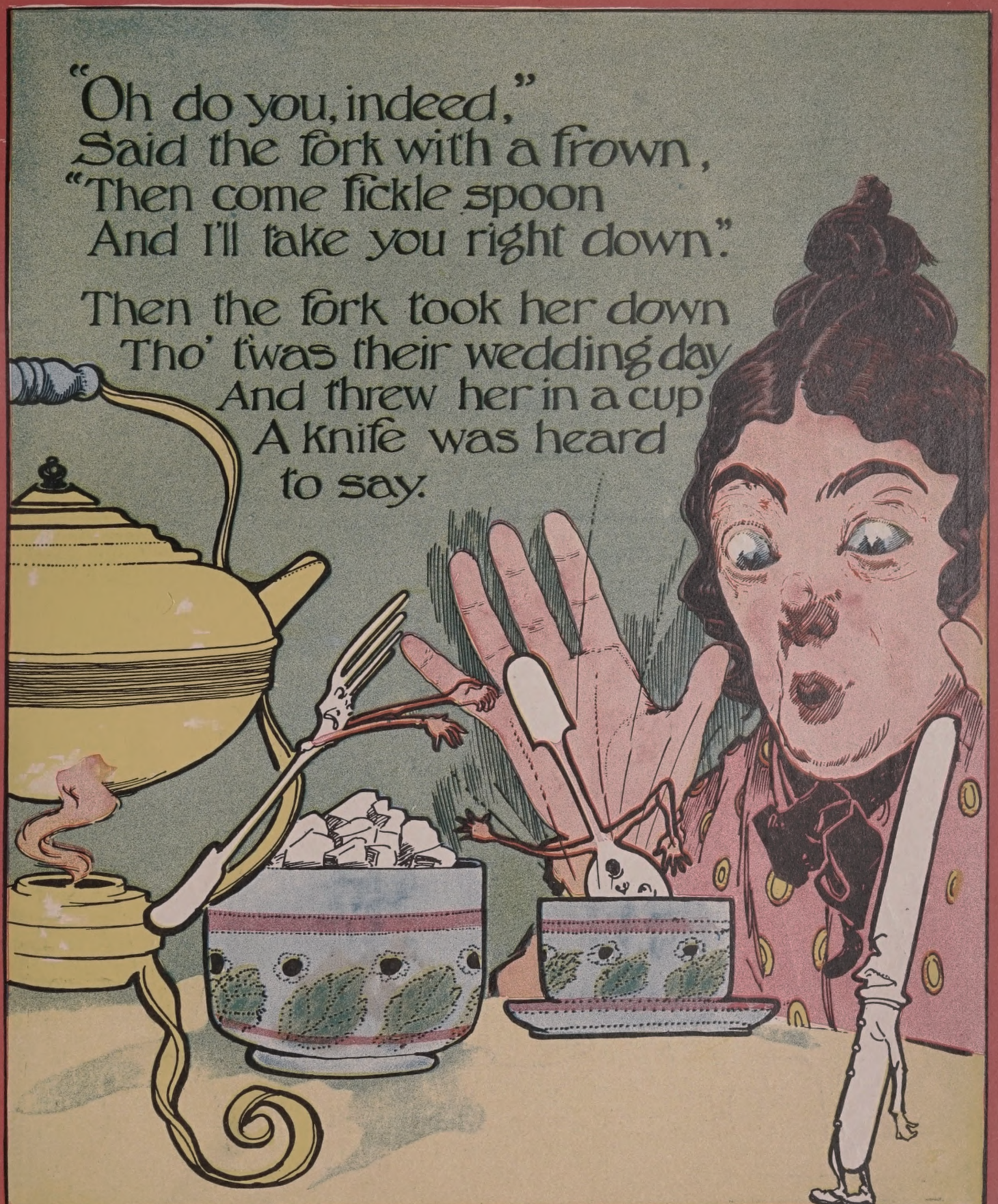
"Oh, but I can't," said the pretty blue fly,
My mother would sorrow and right away die"
"O foolish blue fly," the spider then said,
She neither would sorrow nor tears would
she shed."

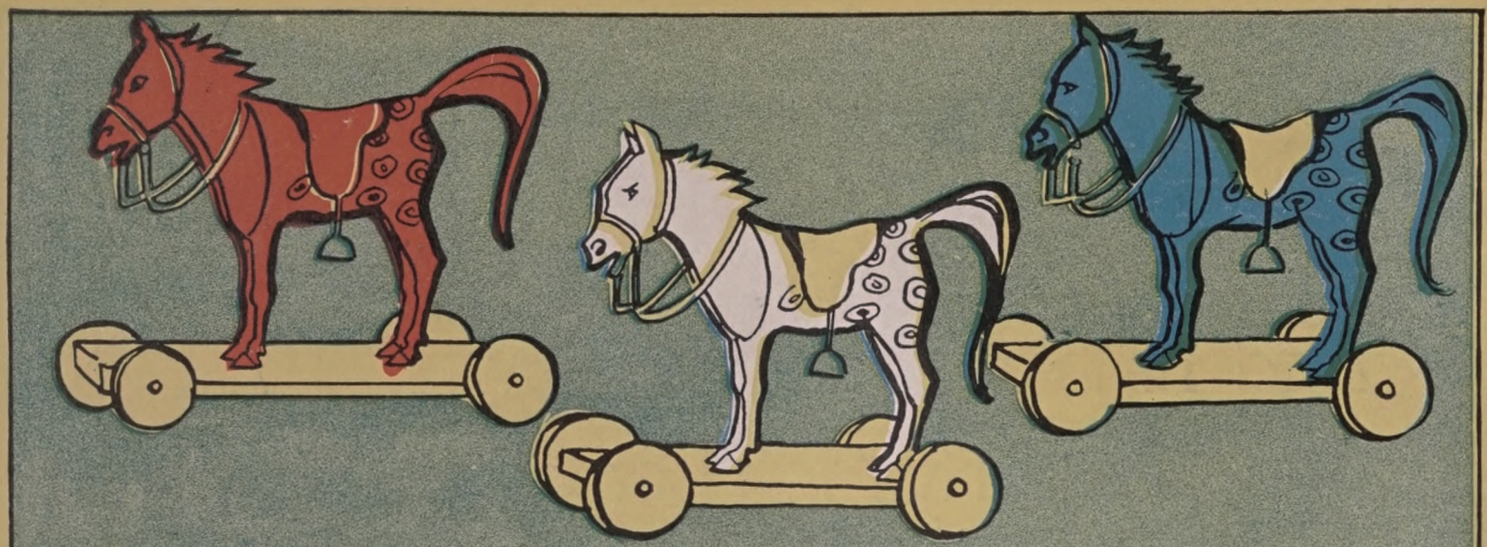
"O but she would I know her so well,
If not, do you think a story I'd tell?"
"Well," said the spider, while eying the fly
If I dont get you now, I will bye and bye."

An organ-grinder
had a bear,
And he could dance.
to every air
He would upon his hind
legs stand,
And then would shake
his master's hand.

He'd waltz around and swing his pole,
And then upon the ground would roll.
He'd open wide his mouth
and snatch,
The good things thrown for
him to catch.


This is the fork,
Who wedded the spoon,
Then took her away
Right up to the moon.
"Oh, said the spoon,
"How high we are up,
I wish we were down
And in somebodys cup."


"Oh do you, indeed,"
Said the fork with a frown,
"Then come fickle spoon
And I'll take you right down."
Then the fork took her down
Tho' 'twas their wedding day
And threw her in a cup
A knife was heard
to say.



Here they come! here they come!
All in a row.
Five pretty horses!
And what a fine show.

Gaily dressed are the riders.
One in red, white, and blue.
The colors that shew
He is loyal and true.

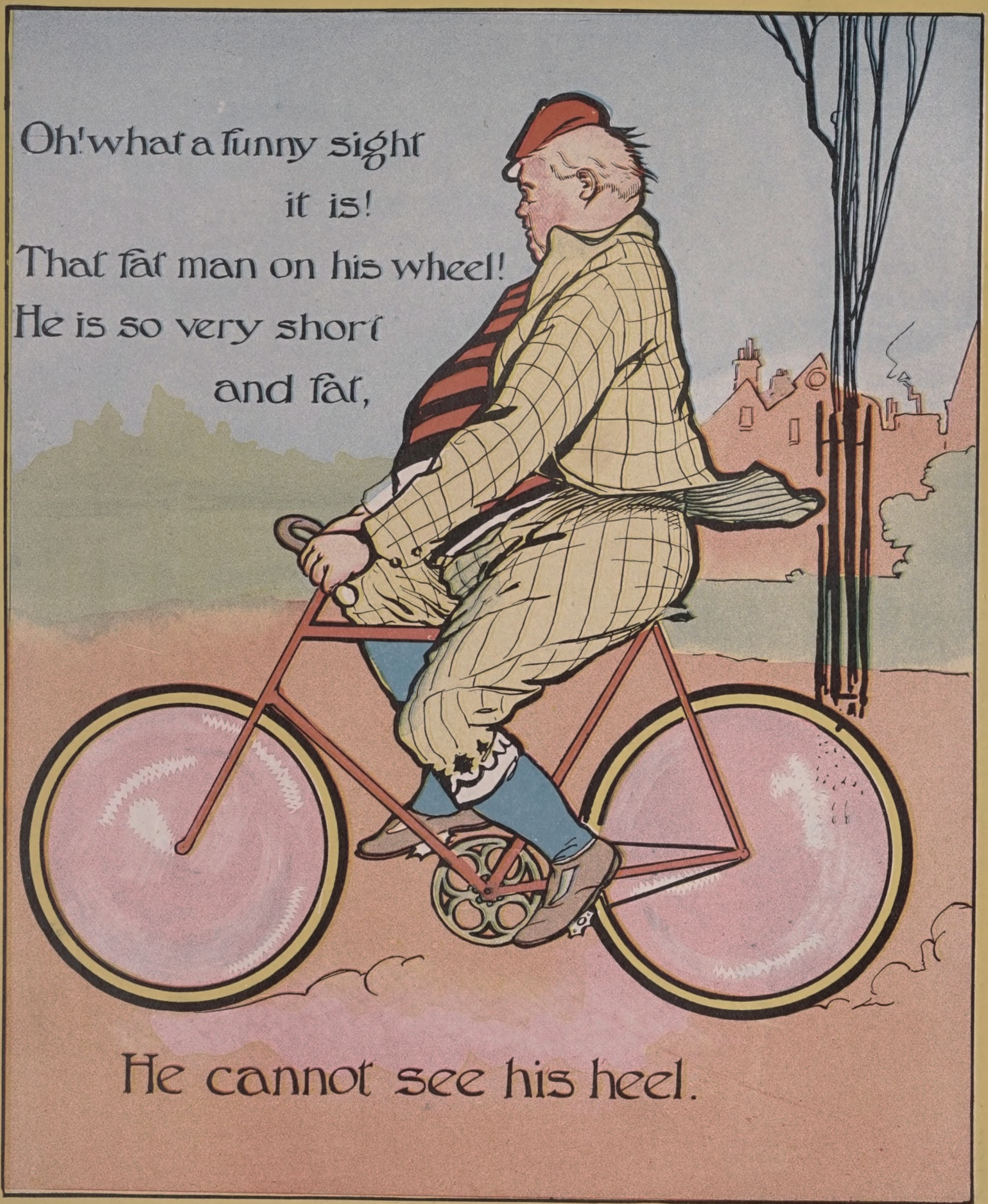
Here he comes galloping,
Look at him, you!
I knew he would win,
In the red white and blue.

A froggie and a mouse they met one day,
"Good morning Mis Froggie" the mouse was heard to say;
But the froggie in disdain turned her back on him, 'twas plain,
For she hopped on right before him, so vain, vain, vain.

"Did you ever, ever hear any thing half so queer,
As from that bold mouse in addressing me right here,
I shall never condescend
To bend this head you'll see
To a common mouse like he', not me, me, me."

So on she went that morn
With her head raised high,
And the mouse he took an oath
On that day she should die.
So he waited many hours
For froggie to return.
Till his heart with bitter anger
Did burn,
burn,
burn

Waiting by the little path
That froggie went along,
Nursing his wrath
And thinking of his wrong,
But never back that way,
Did froggie come that day
And she's laughing
Up her sleeve
so they say,
say,
say.


Oh! what a funny sight
it is!
That fat man on his wheel!
He is so very short
and fat,
He cannot see his heel.

When riding
down the street
he goes,
He into trouble gets
He falls and tumbles
all about,
Those short legs he forgets.
ha
ha

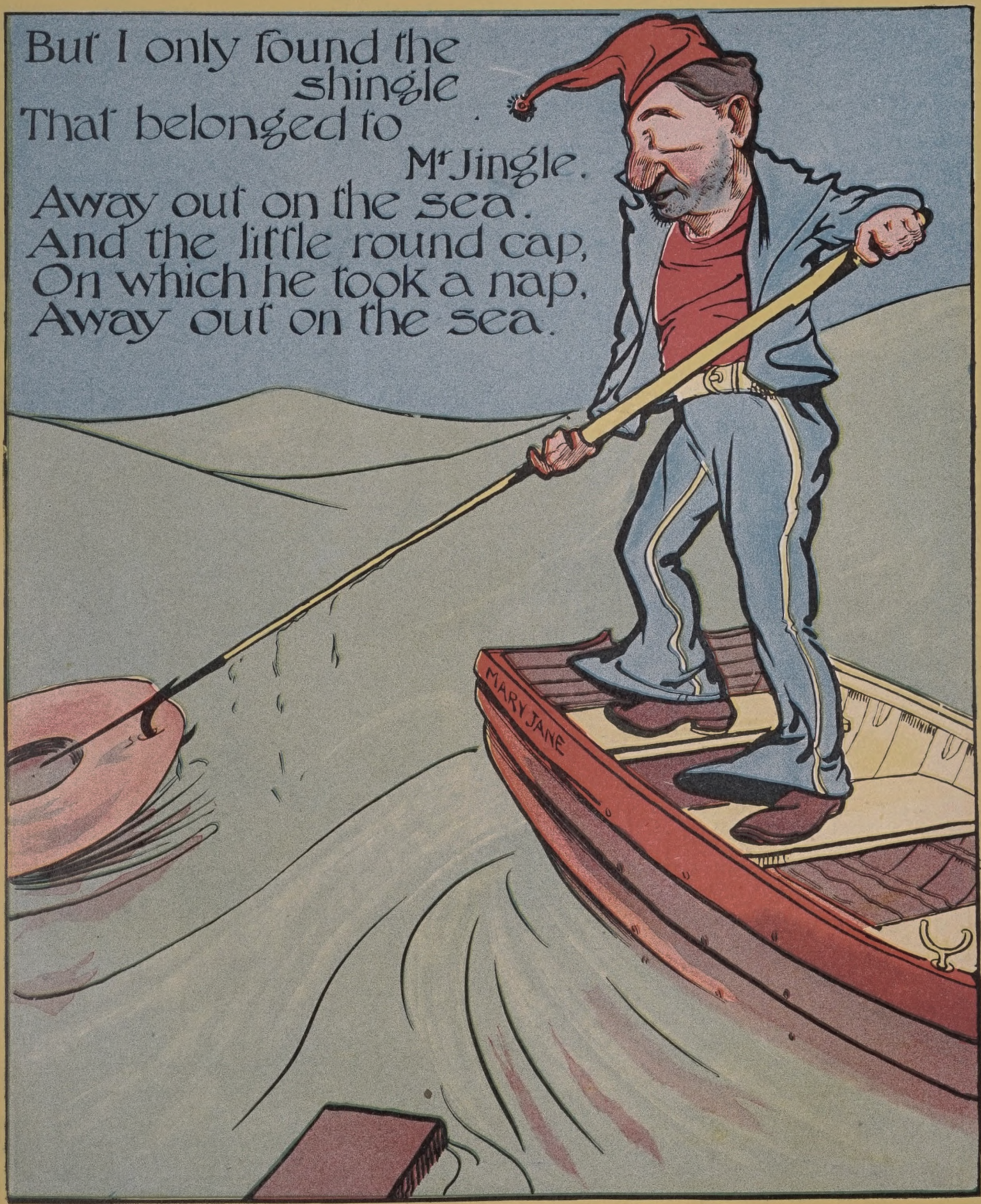
This is the piccaninny,
Shiny, black, and bold,
Who stole the water melon
From me in days of old.

This is the piccaninny,
Shiny, black, and bold,
Who stole the little chickens
From me in days of old.

Yes, same little piccaninny,
Now grown to be a man.
But I could never trust him
Do you think you can?

I knew a Mr Jingle
Who lived upon a shingle
Away out on the sea.
And when he took a nap
He slept upon his cap,
Away out on the sea.

One night there blew a gale,
And I heard from him a wail,
Away out on the sea.
Then I took my little boat
And went in it afloat,
Away out on the sea.


But I only found the shingle
That belonged to Mr Jingle.
Away out on the sea.
And the little round cap,
On which he took a nap,
Away out on the sea.
MARY JANE

There goes Mr Funny,
Who is very rich in money,
Always running down the street
Trying hard to hide his feet,
That are big enough for three;
I'm glad it isn't me.

But he cannot hide such feet,
Vain man, upon the street,
In a carriage he should ride
If he has such foolish pride.
Do you wonder that men laugh
And at him small boys chaff?

Teeter, tawter, up and down,
Elizabeth, Jane and Mary Brown.
Teeter, tawter, up and down

Three
little girls
in
from town.

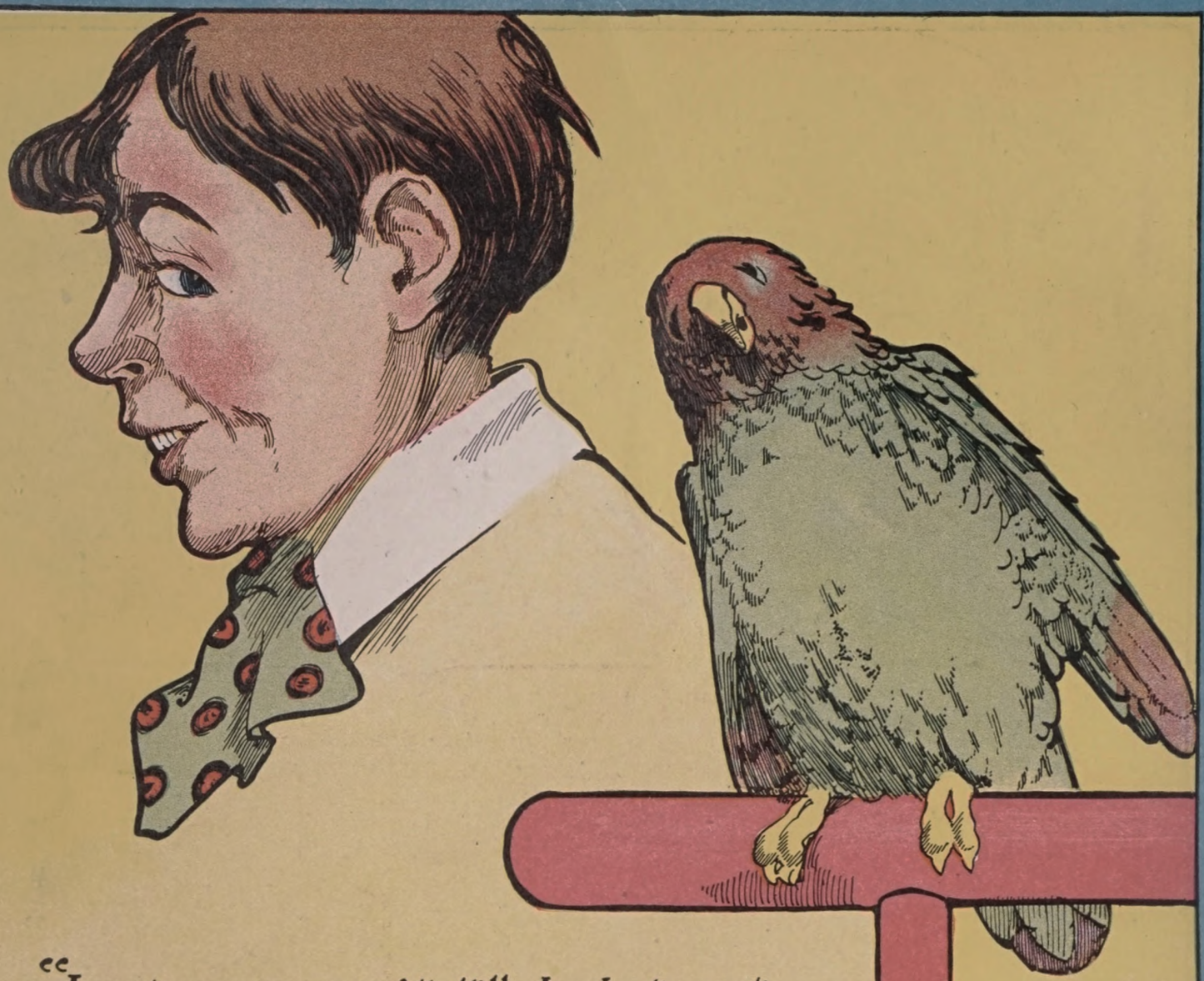
Teeter, tawter,
Up and down,
Laughing eyes, blue and
brown.
Teeter, tawter,
up and down,
Never a tear, never a frown.

Hello Polly, what's the matter
With your chatter, chatter, chatter,
Tho on your perch you look so fine,
I'd fix you if you were mine!

"Here's a cracker Polly-O,
Oh! my finger you let go,
Or I'll blow this whistle loud,
And bring the boys out in a crowd."

"Blow your whistle if you will,
For I know you can't keep still."
Polly said to Bobby Hanks,
Who teased her ever
with his pranks;

"Keep your fingers from my cage,
When you see me in a rage,
For I have it in for you,
And those boys you play with, too."

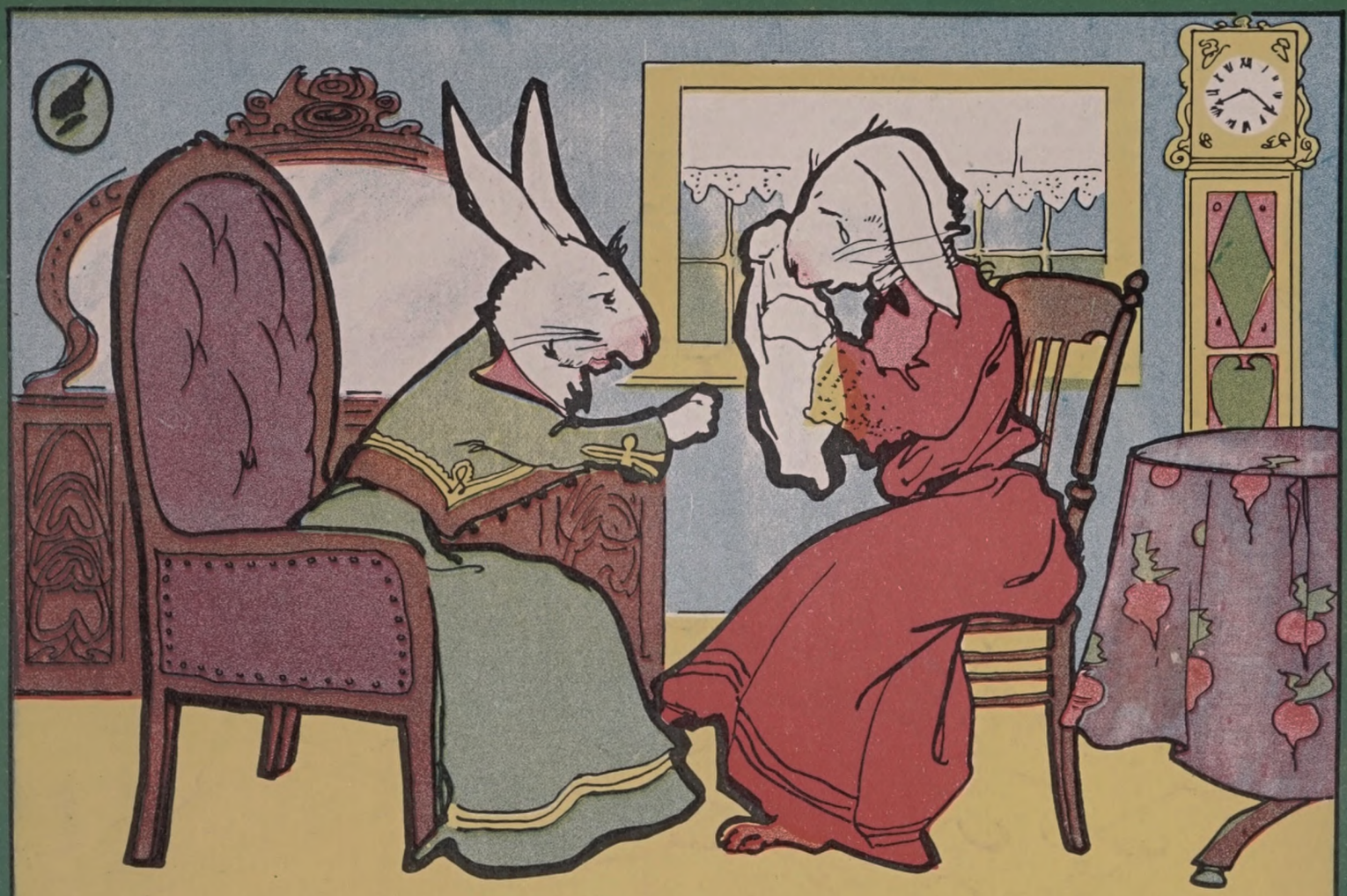


"Just you wait till I get out,
And I'll make you cry and shout,
If I catch you 'round my cage,
Then you'll see me in a rage."

"I care not for what you say"
Bobby said to her that day.
"Come and catch me if you dare,
When you have the time to spare."

So it happened the next day,
That Bobby Hanks came that way
And Polly sat upon her cage
With ruffled feathers, in a rage

"Hello, Polly, how are you?"
Then from her cage she quickly flew,
And caught bold Bobby by the head,
And now he's home, sick in bed.



Bunny White sat on a chair
With downcast eyes, in sore despair,
For she had heard that very day,
That farmer Jones was moving away,
From the place she loved so well,
And other reasons she wouldn't tell.

But 'tis I who's guessed the truth,
That she's in love with Bunny Youth,
Who, I'm told, lives right next door,
In neighbor Brown's number four,
Where the cabbage grows so green,
And the yard is kept so clean.

"But" said Bunny Youth to her,
"Do not cry and spoil the fur
That's upon your pretty face,
For I, too, shall move from this place,
Yes, I will *go* with you to-day,
So not another word we'll say."

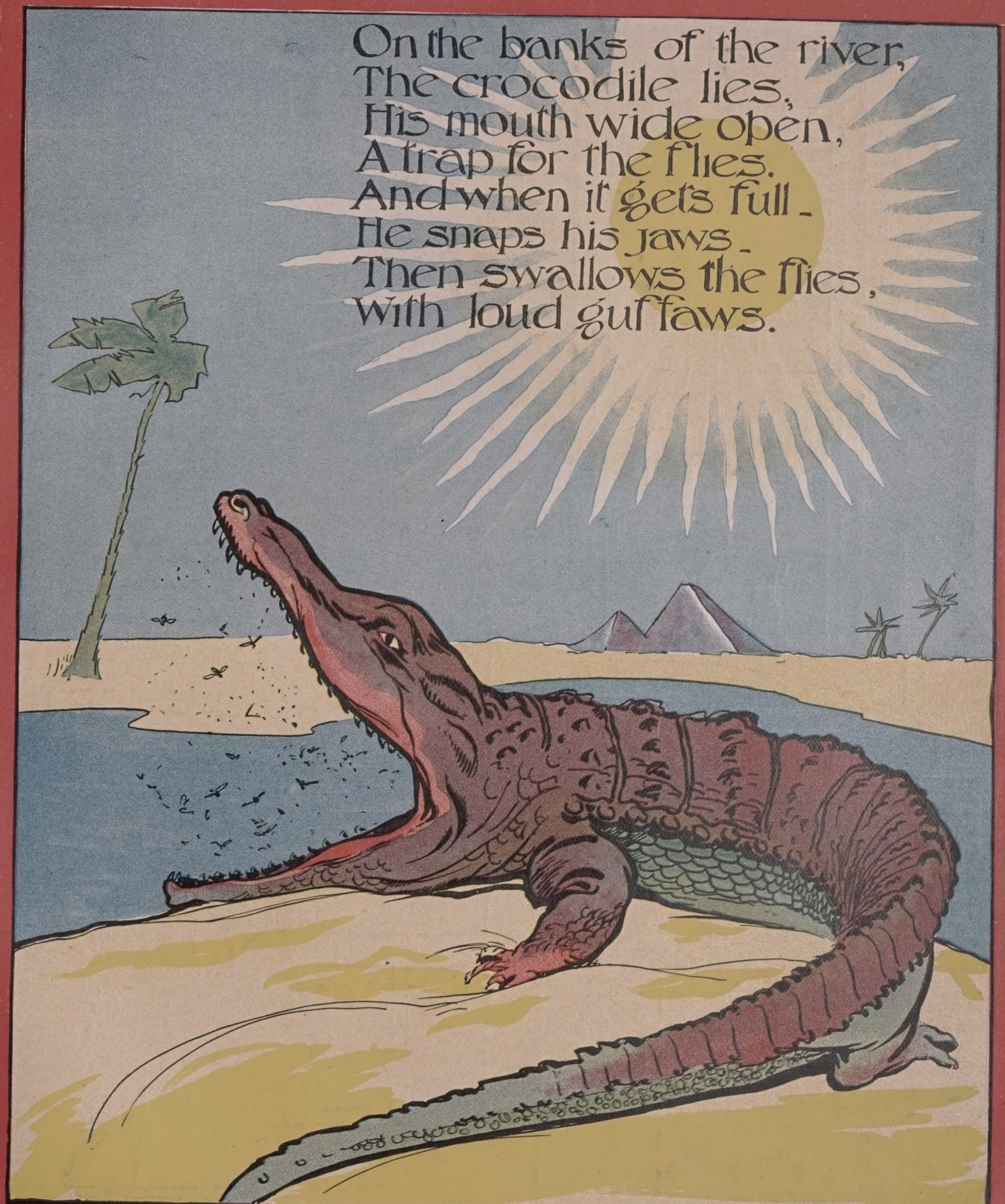
This gallant young
sailor boy
In ships sails o'er the
sea,
And roams the
mighty ocean,
No thought of fear
has he.
He is every inch a sailor,
And his country is his pride.
He may yet a second Dewey be
And as an admiral stride.

Here we are just out of bed,
Alice, May, and Baby Fred.
First we jump upon a chair,
But as soon as we are there
Down again upon the floor,
In and out the bed-room door,
Until, at last a voice we hear
Calling loudly children dear.
'Tis our mother calling out
What is all this noise about
Alice, May and Baby Fred,
Go at once all back to bed;
You're the leader naughty May,
Who never mind a word I say.
"Me is good says baby Fred
Me can stand upon my head"

Old Mother Hubbard
You here can see
And little Bo-Peep
All dressed for tea

The "Little Old Woman
Who lived in a shoe,"
Sitting high in a wagon,
Drawn by horses two.
"Little Red Riding Hood"
Whom the wolf tried to Kill,
And "Jack and Jill"
so funny,
Who tumbled
down the hill.

There's
"Jack, the Giant Killer,"
Who climbed
the bean stalk.
And many other little
folks,
Of whom we
always talk.


On the banks of the river,
The crocodile lies,
His mouth wide open,
A trap for the flies.
And when it gets full -
He snaps his jaws -
Then swallows the flies,
With loud guffaws.

"O, what a pretty
poodle-dog,
So curly, white
and clean.
I think that I can
use him,"
Said a passing
man so
mean.

So he took the
curly poodle
And tied him to
a pole,
Then with him he
washed windows.
Wasn't he a mean
old soul ?

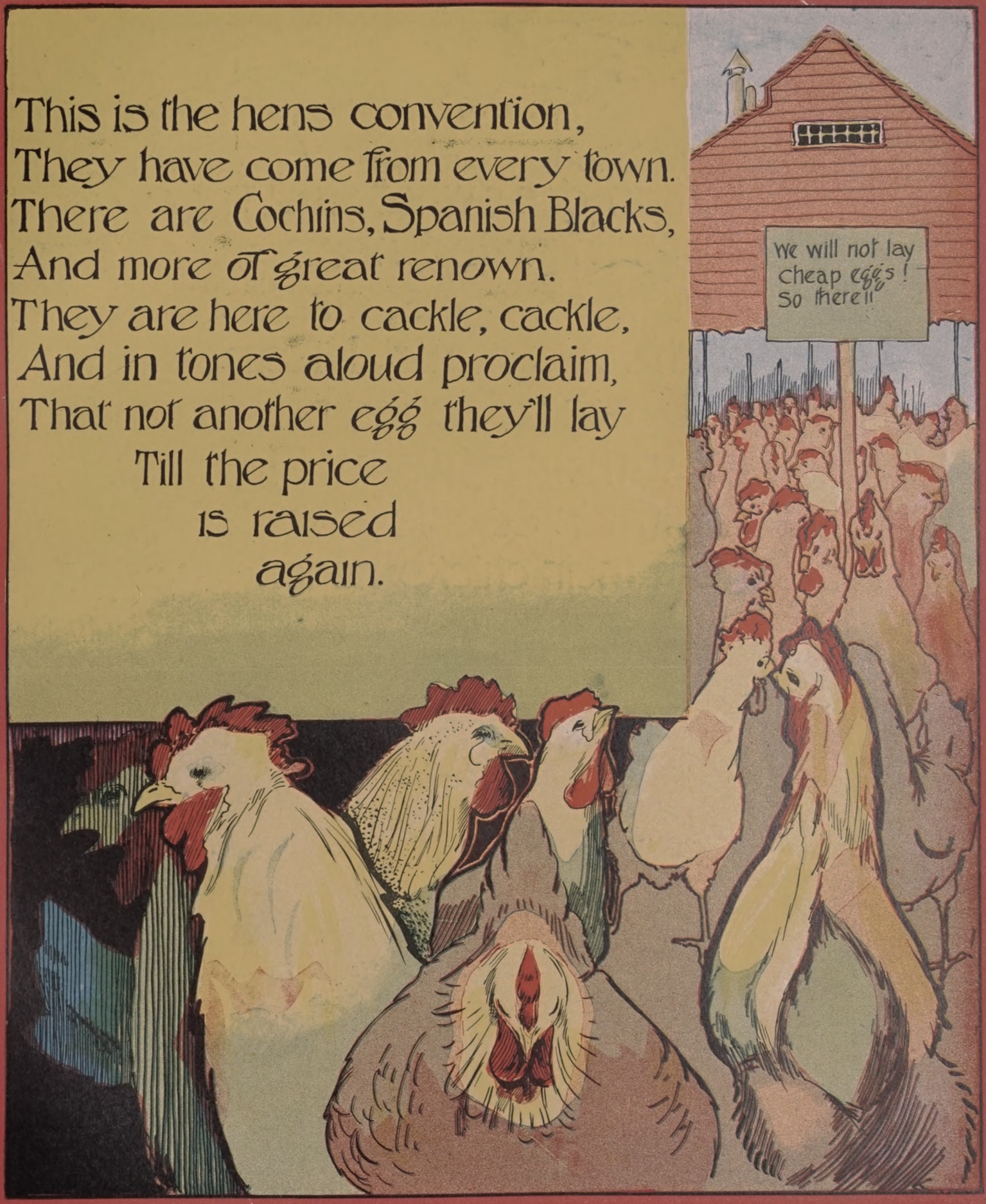
"Now I've lost my hat!"
Said wee Jimmy Fat,
"For a bat flew right in,
And snatched it like that."

Right from my head,
The wee Jimmy said,
While I lay with it on,
Last night in my bed.

"Take that" said the bat
"For sleeping in your hat."
Then flew out of the window,
Saying "Wat, wat, wat."

Cackle, cackle, cackle,
What's all this noise about?
The roads are full of hen-folk,
The barn-yards emptied out,
The roosters left in silence,
Their crowing sad and low,
And little chicks deserted,
Standing lonely
in a
row.

This is the hens convention,
They have come from every town.
There are Cochins, Spanish Blacks,
And more of great renown.
They are here to cackle, cackle,
And in tones aloud proclaim,
That not another egg they'll lay
Till the price
is raised
again.

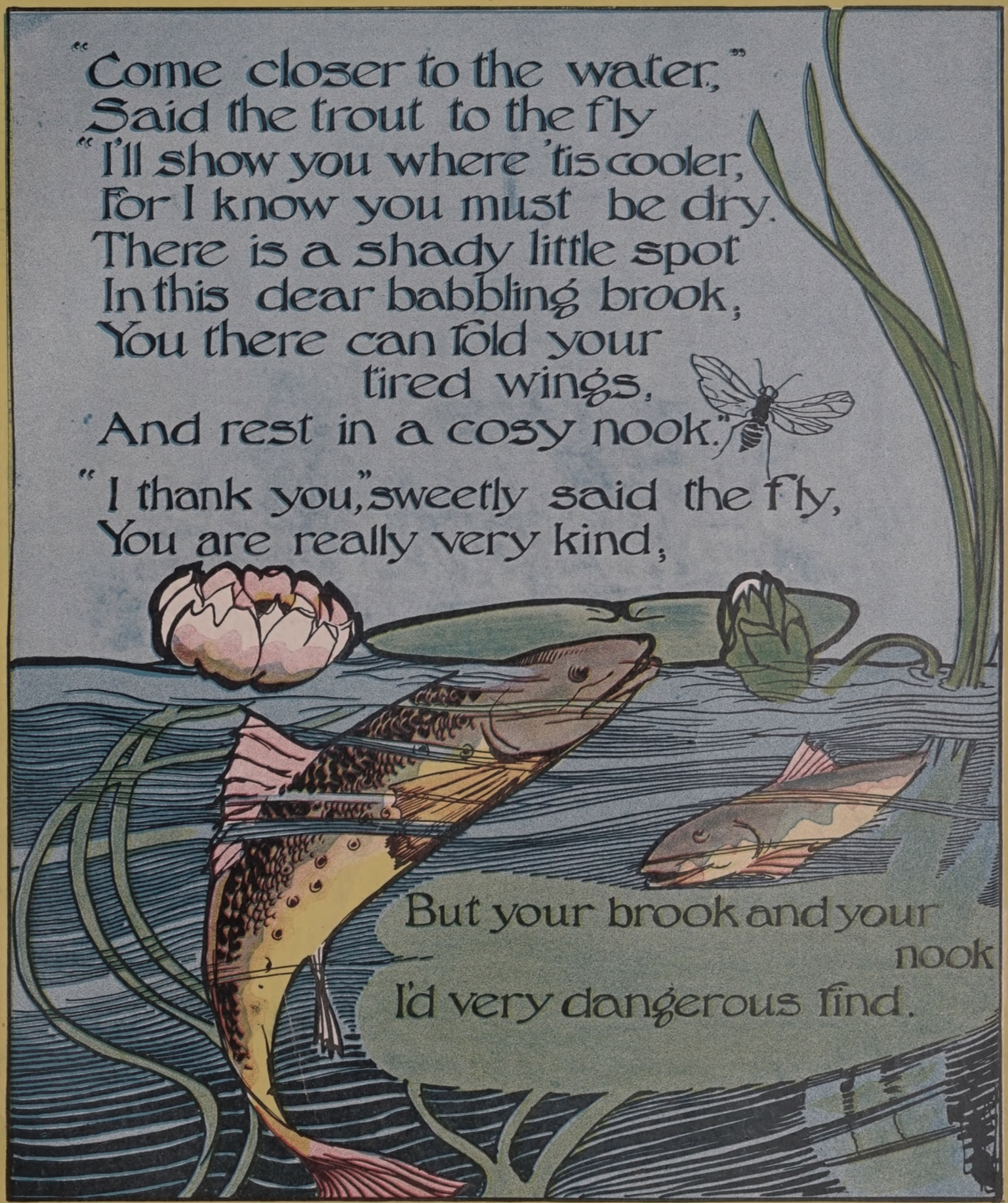


Now children dear, what shall we do!
And Easter drawing near.
The hen folk have assembled
And will trouble make I fear
We had better raise the prices
Then they their eggs will lay,
Will stop their cackle, cackle,
And from their chicks no longer stay.
DONT BE DAINTY
DONT GOBBLE
EAT IT ALL UP

"Your bray I do object to,
It's sound is harsh indeed,
It frightens all the children
Who to me candy feed."
"Oh! ho!" the donkey answered,
"So my ears you think too long,
My bray it does not suit you,
While to me it's like a song.
The children on my back they ride,
And laugh and shout with glee,
They do not seem to mind it
As they candy feed to me.

The elephant then he winked an eye,
And his ears they wiggled waggled.
And at the donkey he looked wise
No longer with him haggled.
But slyly reaching out his trunk
Which he had always handy,
He tossed the donkey in the
air;
Saying, "Now I'll take the candy."

T. Cromwell Lawrence


"Come closer to the water,"
Said the trout to the fly
"I'll show you where 'tis cooler,
For I know you must be dry.
There is a shady little spot
In this dear babbling brook,
You there can fold your
tired wings,
And rest in a cosy nook."
"I thank you," sweetly said the fly,
You are really very kind,
But your brook and your
nook
I'd very dangerous find.

"See me learn
To kick a ball!"
Said our little
Johnny Small
One, two, three!

Now up it goes
Then down it came upon his nose
And knocked our Johnny on his back.
It gave him such an awful whack.
But he did'nt mind the fall--
He was so brave our Johnny Small.

So he strutted along,
With head high in the air,
Humming a song,
And looking so fair,
His tail tied in bows,
His hat on one side,
While the monkeys in rows,
Stood in wonder and sighed.

But sad to relate,
I'm sorry to say,
Our poor Jocko's fate
Was decided that day,
For back to his cage
He was taken in grief,
No heed to his rage---
His gay life was brief.

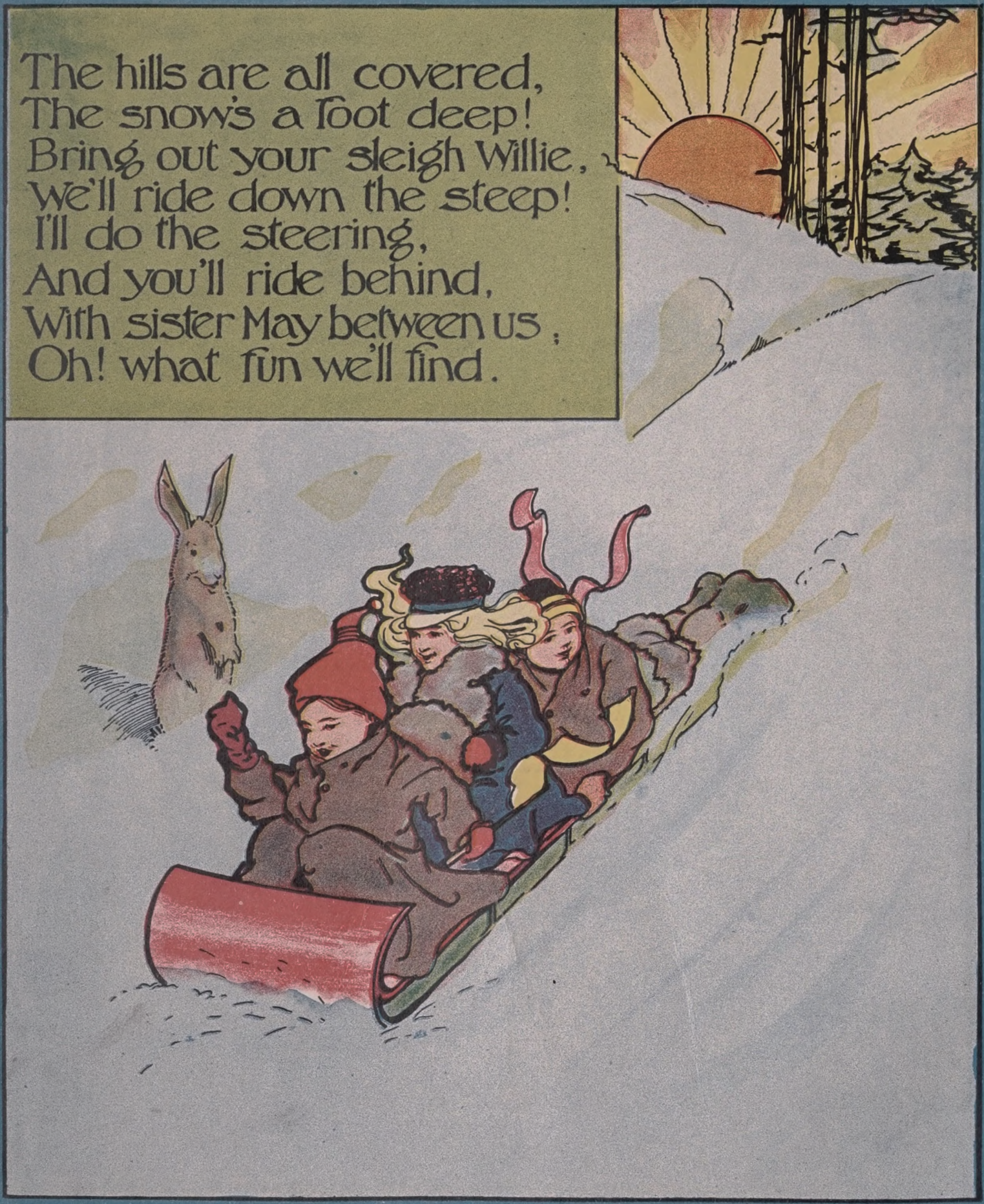
Then on his feet he jumped again
Saying that he felt no pain
And quickly taking up the ball
He kicked it high, three times in all
And as he sent it through the air
Our little Johnny said, "See there,
I told you
I could kick
A ball"—
Just then
He got
Another
Fall.

A monkey
went walking
One bright
summer day,
And to himself
talking,
Was heard
thus to
say.

"No monkey in this town
Shall better dressed be;
You'll see they can't down
A swell monkey like me."

A rat was heard
to talk one day,
About a Mousie bold,
And the things
he said of her
Were quite too rude
I'm told.
When to Mousie's ears they came,
She only laughed in glee,
And said "No old gray rat like he
Can hurt a mouse like me."

The hills are all covered,
The snow's a foot deep!
Bring out your sleigh Willie,
We'll ride down the steep!
I'll do the steering,
And you'll ride behind,
With sister May between us;
Oh! what fun we'll find.



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